

# A LOYAL VOTE

FOR THE



# HAPPY BIRTH

AND

## Prosperity of the Expected Royal Issue.

*Jam Nova Progenies Cælo demittitur alto,  
Chara Deum Soboles, &c. — Virgil Eclog. IV.*

B RING Flowers, ye *Muses*, and ye *Graces* too,  
Fresh as your Beauties, sweet as Nectar-Dew,  
T' adorn the Royal Bed, whence shortly springs  
The Destin'd Father of Ten Thousand Kings.

'Tis so! The *STUARTS* High *Genius*, that ne're fail'd  
For seven long Ages yet, has now prevail'd :  
And in the *Adamantine Books* of Fate,  
Another numerous *Chain of MALES* is set.

A God-like Soul long-since from Heaven did come  
T' inform the Burthen of the Growing Womb:  
The Tender Limbs *Beauties* and *Graces* Mould,  
And Life's dear Knot an Angel's Hand doth hold.

Post on, swift *Time*, Post on thy Golden Hours  
To Bless the World with this *Dear Joy* of Ours ;  
And Thou, for whose kind Birth three Kingdoms pray,  
Make Haste, sweet *PRINCE*, and don't our Hopes delay.

As all the World did heretofore Depend  
On that Great Lord, whom Heaven had sworn to send :  
Him Pious *Prophets* gladly did Foretell ;  
With his high Praise the *Sibylls* Leaves did swell ;  
The *Saints* for his Approach expecting stood,  
And Courted God for th' *Universal Good* :  
So for thy Birth (blest Infant) we do long ;  
And Three great Nations to their Temples throng,  
Already made *Thy Votaries* ! — The Year  
Puts on fresh Garments and doth *Young* appear  
At thine Approach. The teeming *Earth*, it seems,  
Prepares young Flowers to Welcom her Young *JAMES*,  
The *Seas*, which once must crowch t' his Scepter'd Hand,  
Now swell with *Joy*, and Dance about the *Land*:  
*Sirens* and *Tritons* on the Surface leap,  
And with their Songs charm the unwelldy Deep.

But *Heaven* a wondrous *Star* intends to Frame  
T' attend the *Babe*, and signifie his Fame,  
Greater than that, which o'r his Uncle shin'd,  
When *Him* a *Blessing* Fate for Us Design'd.  
*Lucina* by the Royal Bed doth stand  
Prepar'd to lend her kind, assisting Hand  
At the bright Hour : When th' *Planets* shall dispence  
Their fullest and most *Gracious Influence*  
On his Auspicious *Horoscope*. And see!  
How Sacred *Majesty* on bended Kneé  
Waits by to Kiss Great *WALES*, *PRINCELY* Pride,  
With *Fame*, and *Wealth*, and *Honour* by her Side.  
Prophetick smiles dance on his *FATHER'S* brow,  
To whom his Realms with *Thankful Hearts* do bow  
For all the Mighty, *Gracious Acts* He's done,  
And after all, for giving *such a Son*.

O, might I purchase of the Gods this Grace,  
To have my Vital Line drawn out the space,  
Which to his *Manhood* Heaven has now design'd ;  
When the Adoring World *this Prince* shall find  
Mature, and filling his *Great FATHER'S* Throne,  
Crown'd with his *FATHER'S* Virtues and his *Own*!  
That I my Fame might on his Glorys raise,  
And purchase Heaven by sounding forth his Praise !  
Not the *Maenian* Bard, nor *Mantuan* Swan  
Should me surpas! For sure this God-like Man  
With sinewy Verse my weaker Muse would fill;  
And his great Acts invigorate my Quill.

Make Haste, Dear *Prince*, and don't our Hopes delay !  
For thy blest Birth Three spacious Kingdoms Pray.

*FINIS.*